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Whatsoever a Man Soweth
and
The Race of Life

W. Howard Snyder

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WHATSOEVER A MAN SOWETH

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THE PILGRIM PRESS
BOSTON CHICAGO

BV4501
.S735

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$0.50
FEB 27 1917

THE PILGRIM PRESS
BOSTON

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No 1

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Grateful acknowledgment is made to the following authors and publishers for permission to use the quotations from their works which are found in these pages: to Henry Holt & Co., *James's Psychology;* Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, *Making of a Man;* T. Y. Crowell; Beacon Press, *Human Harvest;* Penn Publishing Co., *Four Mottoes; Charles Scribners' Sons, Poem* by Henry van Dyke; and to David Starr Jordan, Elbert Hubbard and Elia W. Peattie.

PREFACE

This little book contains two brief articles, which the author chooses to call layman's sermons. They are two among many that were given at a little mission in the vast, wild wilderness of northern Montana. In these articles there is nothing new or original. The author sincerely hopes they will give strength to those who run in this race of life.

W. H. S.

Knoxville, Tenn.

PART I

WHATSOEVER A MAN SOWETH

"Our Republic shall endure so long as the human harvest is good, so long as the movements of history, the progress of science and industry leaves for the future the best and not the worst of each generation."

DAVID STARR JORDAN

PART I

WHATSOEVER A MAN SOWETH

SO far as I know I have nothing new or original in this address. What I have to say has been said many times before. My text is universally true, and is found in the philosophy and teachings of all men of all races and all times and all places. Our Hebrew preacher uttered a truth of universal origin when he uttered this old maxim. But long before the Hebrews uttered this, other peoples had come to the same unvarying conclusion. Over and over again men have told this truth in forms without number. It is a law of God and is always true. Still each new generation tries it over and over again, only to come back to the same universal conclusion that as we sow so also shall we reap; that as the seed so also shall be the harvest. Wher-

ever I go, in whatever I read, I see this old truth verified over and over again. Authors without number have written about it, teachers in every age have taught its worth, and orators of all times have made it a subject of discourse. All life and all literature prove the worth of this proverb. It is the talk of the fireside and the thought of philosophers. Farmers congregated at the court-house talk about it, scientists at the universities write about it, preachers preach about it, and all the world thinks about it.

I find this same thought in many parts of the New Testament. I shall give it in a few of its different forms:

"Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption."

"With what measure ye mete it shall be measured unto you."

"By their fruits ye shall know them."

"He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which

soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully."

"No fountain can both yield salt water and fresh water."

One member of an equation is time properly used, the other member is growth and development. One member of an equation is time wasted, the other is decay and degeneration. Development is measured in terms of effort. Effort is always blessed, inactivity and sloth always cursed. Long ago Franklin said: "Idleness is the Dead Sea that swallows all virtue: Be active in business; the bird that sits is easily shot." This law holds true for all forms of life, from the lowest to the highest. It is as true for the amœba as for man. Allow me to take an illustration from the science of zoölogy, for about this science we all know a few things. Allow me to illustrate from a class of animals known as crustacea. This class is low in the scale of development. But this makes no difference, it will illustrate my point just the same. You will remember that crabs

and lobsters belong to this class. It is called crustacea because of the shell in which the animal life is encased. There is one known as sacculina. What holds for this little parasite holds for all animal life. Here are a few words of Dr. David Starr Jordan on this point: "This creature appears as a simple sac attached to the body of the crab, into which its root processes or blood vessels extend. When it is hatched from the egg it is similar in form to a young crab, independent and free swimming. It soon attaches itself to some adult crab, into the body of which it extends its processes. It loses its power of locomotion, and the limbs all disappear. Living at the expense of others, self-activity is not demanded, and its position protects it from competition to which free-swimming crabs are subject. It becomes degraded into a parasitic sac, with no organs except a nervous ganglion and blood vessels." This animal lives wholly at the expense of another. There is in its life no self-activity; no struggle for food;

no struggle for protection against other animals. There is in its life no competition, without which there can be no development.

Dame Nature gives in exact proportion to our efforts. If our gigantic, red-haired, blue-eyed, Teutonic ancestors, who wandered over northern Europe clad in bearskins fastened at the throat with thorns, had lived in the tropics where Dame Nature is gentle and kind and gives food for the gathering and shelter without asking, if our Teutonic ancestors had lived where no self-exertion was necessary we would not have a Teutonic civilization today. Civilization has never reached its highest stages of development in the tropics, but "where the sunshine is tempered by a northern wind." If Nature gives her children food and shelter they do not exert themselves. And without exertion there can be no development. If a father gives his son millions, his son ceases to grow and begins to decay. If a miner finds a "pocket" he will ever after go about with head

down looking for more pockets. To him that struggles, strength will be given, and to him that struggles not, weakness comes. The ancient Greeks said, "The gods of labor give us all good things"; the Romans said, *Labor omnia vincit,* "Labor conquers all things."

Those animals which are the most active develop their powers most. They are the best fitted to survive, and so we have the "survival of the fittest." The weakling, the inactive, the sickly are not able to overcome the forces of death. Some die from cold, some from inability to secure food, others from inability to escape their enemies. Nature selects the strong to live, the weak to die. The weak die because they cannot overcome the forces of death. There is natural selection in all things. It is an inevitable law of God and cannot be changed or violated without punishment. The fleetest deer, the strongest and most pugnacious lion, the most cunning fox,—these are the best fitted to escape their enemies and

secure food. The fleetness of the deer, the pugnacity of the lion, the cunning of the fox,—these depend on self-activity. As these animals have lived so they are. On one side of the equation is the fleetness of the deer, the pugnacity of the lion, and the cunning of the fox, on the other side is self-exertion. They are exactly balanced. Breed from the poorest of your herd and your herd will soon degenerate. Breed from the horse that has the cleanest limb and the fleetest foot and you will soon have a breed of racers. Destroy the largest, strongest, heaviest, and most symmetrical and promising colts of the shire breed and your breed will soon degenerate. Let the weaklings of any species multiply and there is sure to be degeneration. Every farmer in the United States knows this to be true. The shire and the Shetland are what they are because of inevitable laws.

This same law holds true in plant life as in animal life. As the seed so shall be the harvest. Inferior seed corn

produces inferior corn and a light yield. We do not expect oats to grow from corn, neither do we expect apples to grow from peach seeds, neither do we expect grapes from thorns. Like produces like. We know that the harvest depends on the seed. Luther Burbank has, out at his home in California, many curious things, among others, a dog fennel as high as my head. How did he produce this? It is easy to answer. To begin with he selected the largest of the wild plants, and then saved the seeds from these. From each new crop he selected the largest plants from which to save the seed for the next new crop. And so he continued until this mammoth fennel was produced.

Like begets like in man as well as in the plant world. Normal parents under normal conditions beget normal children. The ancestors of a Jefferson or a Shakespeare, or a Washington, must have been normal. The children of normal parents are normal, disease and accident excepted; and the children of degenerate

parents are degenerate. Idiots beget idiots, weaklings beget weaklings. President David Starr Jordan says, in northern Italy, in the valley of the Aosa and other Alpine regions a form of idiocy was found known as cretinism. These cretins, a class of idiots, which rarely exceed four feet in height, have married and intermarried with one another for generations. They invariably give birth to cretin children. "When a child is half-witted or epileptic, for example, unless the condition be the direct product of disease, we may look for imbecility somewhere in its ancestry." (Dr. Jordan.) Idiots beget idiots, pigmies beget pigmies, giants beget giants. We do not expect children born of negro parents to be white, nor those born of Indian parents to be black. We do not look for shire colts from Shetland ponies, nor squabs from goose eggs. Neither do we think fish are hatched from frogs' eggs, nor frogs from lizards' eggs. We think similar begets similar. We do not expect to gather figs from

thorns, nor grapes from thistles. We do not expect the like to produce the unlike. Science confirms this over and over again. I know of no instance of figs producing thorns.

This certainly is true in the ethical world. Vice produces more vice and virtue produces more virtue. Drunkenness produces more drunkenness. Every one knows that one drink calls for another drink. As we labor so shall be our reward, as we live so shall be our lives.

> "A man is his own star;
> Our acts our angels are,
> For good or ill."

It is as true in things human as in things crustacean that development is measured in terms of effort. He who tries hardest succeeds best. The greater the effort the greater the accomplishment. The greater the study the greater the knowledge. The greater the amount of practice the nearer one comes to perfection. If this law be true (and it most assuredly is), why is it that I see about me

everywhere, men, women, boys, and girls squandering time and opportunity as if this earthly life lasted forever and there was no end to time? There is something wrong with the man who has nothing to do. The normal man is not an idle man.

Now, let me give a paragraph from Orison Sweet Marden: "The Spirit of man is a mighty spirit for action. It will not be contented in idleness. It is an impelling force which drives him over land and over sea; it torments him with a thirst to know and a yearning to do; it inspires him to mold, to carve, to build." He who lives a life of inactivity violates an immutable law of God. He punishes himself in his act of violation. Man is made for action and cannot be still. Criminologists tell us that the worst punishment that can be inflicted on a criminal is solitary confinement in a dungeon cell. This soon drives the criminal mad. Alone, none to speak to, none to see—no light to see with—no purpose for action, no chance to act, the criminal soon becomes unbal-

anced. Some one said, the very fiends of hell weave ropes of sand only to see them fall to pieces, rather than face the hell of idleness. Great men of every age find that time is too short for the accomplishment of their cherished tasks. Never do they complain of too much work, but always of too little time.

Allow me to present a picture which was suggested by an article of Chancellor David Starr Jordan. As I go out on the street I see hundreds of men and boys standing around some crack-brained medicine vendor, "swarming around him like flies around a drop of molasses, with mouths open and brains shut," as if life lasted forever and there was nothing to do in this world but gape. As I go about my work tomorrow and the next day and the next, and so on from month to month, I see the flies still there, still swarming around the drop of molasses. There is the half-witted simpleton and his corn medicine, or his discordant accordion; and there are the sound-bodied men and

boys with mouths open and brains shut. How long have they been there? Since the beginning of their lives. How long will they be there? Some of them will be there until death takes them away. Ask one of these parasites what he does for a living, he will say "nothing." Ask him what he can do, and he will say "nothing." Nothing comes from nothingness. We cannot get blood from a lemon. As these flies live so is their worth. As we sow so also shall we reap. As we live from day to day so also shall be our lives. As we spend our time so will character and worth be measured. Do you waste time? Then you are wasting life. Franklin said, "Time is the stuff life is made of, therefore do not waste it." Time if it be properly used means growth and development. "Every day wasted takes a cubit from your stature."

Success in life means the development of our talents to the limit of our capability. Some have one talent, some have two, some have more. "To come to the full measure of these

powers constitutes success in life." Do you see a hundred trains come in on a hundred consecutive days? Do you waste your time in gaping on street corners or in a never ending game of "pedro" or "rummie"? If you do, remember that the harvest will be like the seed. Look about you and see who are the men who are worth while. Are they busy? Yes, busy doing something that is worth while. Success is a near relative to time. Time properly used is success. Each day is a little life. Never will one be successful if he wastes his time. This is impossible, it cannot be. Wasted time is a curse of nature. It is sometimes said, my time is money; but this is only partly true, time is more than this. Time is life itself. Remember the words of Faust:

"Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute.
What you can do, or think you can, begin it."

As you go about your work notice how just are the laws of God, notice how just are the laws which regulate the universe, notice how speedily pun-

ishment comes to him who violates these laws. Every virtue has its own compensation; every vice its own retribution. "The specific stripes may follow late after the offence, but they will follow, because they accompany it. Crime and punishment grow out of one stem. Punishment is the fruit that unsuspected ripens with the flower of the pleasure which concealed it. Cause and effect, means and end, seed and fruit, cannot be severed, for the effect already blooms in the cause, and pre-exists in the means, the fruit in the seed." (Emerson.) The laws of God are just, no man ever violated them but that in the act of violation he punished himself. For example, lie and you will soon be unable to tell the truth. Habit will settle this for you. No man ever sinned against the body but that his sense of chastity was blunted and his conscience dulled. As we live so shall we be. As we think so shall we become. The French have it, *Honi soit qui mal y pense* (Evil to him who evil thinks). "Our thoughts," says Marcus Aurelius, "dye our ac-

tions." No man ever thought an evil thought that made him better nor a pure thought that made him worse. Think vicious thoughts and you are vicious. Think criminal thoughts and you will soon love the company of criminals. Birds of a feather flock together. Are you morose and sullen? Then you will lose the love of wife and children. He that is lovable will be loved. He that deserves hatred will receive it. The merchant that would make too much profit soon loses his trade. The physician who is cruel soon has no patients. And so there is a balancing in all things. If one is selfish and centered in self, then as Scott says, he

> "Doubly dying, shall go down
> To the vile dust from whence he sprung
> Unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

Why is it that thousands annually visit certain health resorts, "the sinkholes into which a large part of the immorality, crime, and disease of America is dumped"? Why this? Because they have violated an inevita-

ble law of God. They are reaping what they have sown. Yonder in the forest driveway a fair girl was found dead one bright morning in June. She, poor girl, harvested her oats, but God have mercy, they were wild oats. Yonder in the streets are thousands of paupers who live in misery and disgrace. Sixty per cent. of this is caused by vice, idleness, and drink; thirty per cent. is caused by wasted youth followed by old age and incapacity to work; ten per cent. is caused by bodily disease, and accident, and inability to find work. These poor, wretched people suffer because they or their ancestors have sinned. Sin always brings suffering, it always will. Sin and suffering go hand in hand. They grow out of the same stem. Misery is only nature's warning that man is violating her laws. Why is it that misery and sorrow are in the world? It is because the seeds of misery and sorrow have been sown. As the seed so shall be the harvest. If we plant seeds of pain and remorse and sorrow we must expect to har-

vest pain and remorse and sorrow. Seeds of immorality never produced a crop of morality. Gambling never made an honest man; nor drunkenness a clean man; vicious thoughts never made pure, sweet souls; sullenness never made a happy man; hatred never begot love; selfishness never stirred men and women to acts of heroism and generosity; cowardice never stirred men and women to courageous deeds; lying never made any one honest; never, never will the unlike beget the like. Like begets like. The world is just. The members of the equation must be exactly balanced, and they are.

This same law writes the law of love and its counterfeit lust. He who will be loved must cheerfully bear the responsibilities and duties of love. Love comes from love and lust comes from lust. Lust is man's endeavor to enjoy the pleasures of love without the responsibilities. We cannot live a life of love and devotion to family and at the same time a life of lust and

pandering to profligacy. We cannot blow both hot and cold at the same time with the same breath.

We cannot deceive long. Either purity or lust will leave its indelible writing on our faces, our acts, and our thoughts. It will be written in all languages and so plainly that all who run may read. No knowing man will or can be deceived long. Asleep or awake, in solitude or in society, in wealth or in poverty, it makes no difference. The truth is written everywhere and is always in indelible ink. It is written in Esperanto, and may be read by the light of day or the darkness of night.

"There is equality in all things," says Emerson. All that is worth while must be bought and paid for; be it in bodily strength, mental development, or social accomplishment. Genius is often hard work and perseverance in disguise. The gods of labor give us all good things. To him that hath more shall be given. Failure to him who seeks something for

nothing. All things have their price, all bitter hath its sweet; all bad hath its retribution, all good its compensation. All that has worth must be bought, never can we get something for nothing. Nature gives nothing away. The gods of labor give us all good things, but we must pay the price, which is labor.

Never did man accomplish anything worth while without labor. "I can say that I have seen Michael Angelo," says a Frenchman, "when he was about sixty years of age, and not then very robust, make the fragments of marble fly about at such a rate that he cut off more in a quarter of an hour than three strong young men could have done in an hour—a thing almost incredible to any one who has not seen it; and he used to work with such a fury, with such an impetus, that it was feared that he would dash the whole marble to pieces, making at each stroke chips of three or four fingers' thickness fly off; with a material in which if he had gone only a hair's breadth too far he would have totally

destroyed the work, which could not be restored like a plaster or clay."[1]

Think of this noble soul who for seven years worked most diligently decorating the Sistine Chapel with his immortal "Story of the Creation" and with the "Last Judgment." Think of him working so incessantly that the muscles and cords of his neck became rigid so that he could not look down without bending the body. "For weeks together he did not remove his clothes, and carried his bread with him to the scaffold that he might work while he ate, and so not lose a moment. Think of this man whom the world calls one of its greatest geniuses, with a block of marble in his sleeping-room and chisel and mallet ever ready to obey the call of a new thought."

We are all self-made men and women or we are not made at all. The best that others can do for us is to better our opportunities. We most assuredly will have to do the rest.

[1]This quotation is from "The Making of a Man," by Orison Sweet Marden, page 173.

It matters not how straight the gate,
  How charged with punishment the scroll,
I am master of my fate,
  I am the captain of my soul.

—*Henley.*

The world has nothing to bestow.
From our own selves our bliss must flow.

—*Cotton.*

Not in the charm of the crowded street,
  Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,
But in ourselves, are triumph and defeat.

—*Longfellow.*

We shape ourselves the joy or fear
  Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our future's atmosphere
  With sunshine or with shade.

—*Whittier.*

A man's soul is his own heaven or hell, he may make of it whichever he chooses. It should be his heaven. God does not intend that he shall be miserable and merit suffering and death. God intends that "Death shall be swallowed up in victory," and that he live in heaven now and here. "Neither shall they say, Lo here! or Lo there! for, behold the

Kingdom of God is within you." In the divine order of things it is meant that he radiate happiness as the sun radiates warmth, and that all his days effulge with joy as the sun with light. Happiness, joy, sublimity, love, the peace that passes understanding,—these are but results of right thinking and acting. "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." Man can make of his soul a heaven, wholesome, sweet, and clean, a heaven of sublimity and joy without measure, if he will but oust hatred and malice and envy and lust, and rest assured that the laws of God are just and immutable; and that to violate a single one of them, be it never so little, will bring suffering and misery. "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my father which is in heaven."

The Kingdom of Hell is at hand and is within. Man can turn his mind into an inferno of diabolical, licentious,

fiendish, tormenting thoughts which will torment his wretched soul through all the ages of eternity. He may never commit an overt act of sin, yet his soul be a literal hell of the vilest thoughts of the lowest vultures that ever preyed on man. What more diabolical a hell could the ingenuity of a fiend devise than an inferno of cruel, tormenting thoughts within that which was meant to be as calm and peaceful as a baby's sleep? Look yonder in the hospital. Do you see that miserable wretch raving like an incarnate fiend? He is suffering from delirium tremens. This is but the harvest of his wild oats. The kingdom of hell is at hand and devils are plentiful in the forms of men.

"The wages of sin is death." The punishments of hell are here and now. We cannot escape the penalty of a single low thought. Sinful thinking inevitably brings its bitter fruit. Every thought that has flashed across the horizon of the mind has left its image. Nature works with absolute impartiality. The hands of God al-

ways deal out perfect justice. As sure as there is ebb and flow of the tides, heat and cold, light and darkness, this certain is it that as a man thinketh so shall he be. The man who thinks low, grovelling thoughts will some day reap the bitter fruit of this low thinking. As the seed so always is the harvest. Although he escapes the hands of the law, or his friends never find him out, nevertheless the wages of sin is death—death to all the higher and greater and nobler purposes of life. *Chi è in inferno non sá cióche sia cielo.* "He who is in hell knows not what heaven is."

Solomon long ago said, "By what things a man sinneth, by these he is punished." For example, take a licentious man. At first, a lustful thought crept into his mind, as every one has experienced at one time or another. Like called for like, just as one drink calls for another, and so back it came in its sneaking and lurking way. And this second time it was a little darker. Again he failed to drive it out. Again it came, again he

failed. At last it was made welcome and felt perfectly at home. Months and years went on, as months and years do, and his mind became the home of vicious thoughts. Now, all impressions strive to become expressions—all thoughts strive to become deeds. So his lustful thoughts became lustful deeds. "The without becomes like the within." Years came and went, as years do. The man sank lower and lower, until at last he went down below the level of the beast, down into the inferno of hell—the bottomless pit, which he made for himself. The contempt he deserves he gets. He is yonder in the hospital now, a smoldering flame is burning out his miserable soul. As a man thinketh so shall be his life.

All men if they are made must be self-made. There is no factory that turns out ready-made men. Self-made implies self-controlled. If a man is controlled he must control himself. If he does not he is not controlled. He flops about like a beheaded chicken, he is whipped about by every wind

that blows. Man must be his own master if he has a master. We are all masters of our own fate. We can by iron bars and cold laws confine men's bodies in prison, but the mind, the best part of man, we cannot control. Self-control comes from self-exertion. It must come from within. The power to resist temptation can only be had by resisting. Men may be compelled to be decent in public, but this is no assurance of decency in private. Confinement in prison protects society; but reformation in the criminal must come from his own exertion.

The laws of psychology prove this truth. If we spend our early life in the completion of regularly appointed tasks we shall find in old age that we cannot be happy without work. The law of habit will settle this for us. We all know old people who in youth and mid-life labored incessantly, in old age they moved to town to enjoy, in idleness, the fruits of their labor. But idleness is misery to them. The habits of industry once

fixed cannot be changed. As we live in the active years of life so we must continue to live. It is with great difficulty that we can change our ways of living after thirty years of age.

I once slept and as I slept I dreamed a dream, and it was a strange and mysterious, yet wonderful, dream. It was a dream of infinite sadness and "woe no man could tell." I dreamed that death in all its sadness came and claimed my soul. After those last agonizing hours I awoke in a new universe and I knew that eternal life had come. The dream lasted a long, long time, it was centuries and centuries long. At times I was shrouded in darkness and densest gloom. I suffered over again all the remorse I had suffered on earth. It all came back again and again and I suffered it all anew. Then again, I was joyous and happy and lived again the joys of my good works on earth. At times I dreamed of my old home and new-mown hay and the great old farm-house and the snowy orchard and the pasture of undulating green. There

was the flower garden my aged mother had made and there the fields my aged father had tilled. And thus I lived over again and again the joys and sorrows of life. Yet all the while I felt that I must seek the judgment hall. At my mother's knee I had long, long ago been taught that a last judgment awaited me. So I sought for the hall of the last judgment. And as I sought it I thought of all the past. With infinite pain I suffered as I thought of my selfish deeds and sinful thoughts. Then again as I thought of the good I had tried to do, strength came to my arms and light to my eyes and I was happy. As I pondered and went my way there passed me one on whose face was infinite gloom and sadness beyond my words to tell. Great beads of cold perspiration stood on his whitened face. I saw in him life without hope. I asked of him, "Where is the judgment hall?" But he said not a word; his face was set, his eyes were fixed—vacantly he gazed at me, yet saw me not; he heard me speak, yet heard me not. Eternal

gloom like a shroud had settled on his face. I thought, surely he has been found guilty; and sure enough it was so. Soon I met another, and he was vastly different. On his face shone the glory of great strength and the serenity of perfect joy, and it was all as bright as the sun. And so, I asked of him, "Where is the judgment hall?" And he smiled and said, "There is none. As you lived from day to day while on earth, so shall it be here." I awoke from my dream and have ever since been a better man.

This same law writes the story of human happiness. Happiness is the desideratum for which all men strive in ways without number. All are agreed that happiness is the end for which they struggle. But all are not agreed as to how this end shall be reached. There is infinite diversity as to what constitutes the greatest happiness. Every people in every age has a different idea as to what constitutes the greatest happiness. To the American Indian it is a happy hunting-ground; to the

Turk it is a well-filled harem; to the Germanic savage it was a hard-fought battle every day, at the end of which all wounds were magically healed. The same is true with individuals as with peoples. To some happiness is found in wealth "as boundless as wish might claim," but to a Socrates wealth had no attraction. One sees happiness in one thing, another in something else. What is one man's food is another man's poison.

Happiness comes from the normal and moderate exercise of one's faculties. It comes from the fulfillment of one's duties to self, family, and fellowmen. All animals seek pleasure. But one animal does not know what constitutes pleasure. And strange as it may seem that animal is the highest of all animals. Man does not know what constitutes pleasure. Pleasure never destroys life nor nobility of soul. Real pleasure is always conducive to life and never to death. "Real pleasure is lasting, it does not burn out as it goes." That which appears to some shortsighted

wretch to give momentary pleasure and later brings pain and misery, is not pleasure. Intemperance is not pleasure, licentiousness is not pleasure, gambling is not pleasure,—these are causes of misery and a curse which inevitably follows the violation of the laws of life. They will never bring happiness. Happiness has its price, it must be earned. It cannot be given to another. Beauty, kindness, courage, wisdom, strength, — these cannot be given away. Neither can happiness. If you ever get happiness you must earn it. "No one rides deadhead on the road to happiness. He who tries to do so never reaches his destination. He is left in the dumps."

Man's endeavor to enjoy happiness that he has never paid for is the source of endless misery. Nothing that is worth having can be given to us. We must buy it. The price of happiness is self-exertion. Without self-exertion there can be no strength; and without strength we cannot resist the forces of death. Strength comes from self-exertion and exertion means

industry. No exertion means idleness. No worker is idle; no drone is industrious; no worker is a drone, no drone a worker. It is the weak who are idle. They are weak because they are idle. Idleness and weakness are twins. Idleness is unnatural. It is a violation of the laws of the universe. Idleness is the road to misery and all who travel thereon are sure to reach their destination. Idleness is the road on which deadheads ride. It will never lead them to happiness. Idleness is the desire to get rest when there has been no labor to rest from. It is the hope of getting something for nothing. Idleness is passivity, and passivity is death. Nothing comes from nothingness. Passive recipients are not active participants.

"From toil he wins his spirits light,
From busy day the peaceful night;
Rich, from the very want of wealth,
In heaven's best treasures, peace and health."

The road to happiness is "white with dead men's bones." It is a stony road that leads through the val-

ley and shadow of death and thence on to glory eternal. On either side and all along the way we see the bleaching bones of the dead. Why is this? Because men have taken—have stolen—that which they have never earned. They have sought the pleasures of rest before there was labor to rest from; the pleasures of love without sacrifice and generosity; the pleasures of wealth without "the sweat of the brow"; the pleasures of skill without practice; the pleasures of strength without labor from which strength comes; the pleasures of health without purity of life; the pleasures of an exuberance of life in its counterfeits, whiskey and absinthe and opium and cocaine and all the misery-giving dopes — these are all signboards to the road of misery. Men have sought something for nothing; they have sought the power of nobility and greatness in days of idleness; they have sought the love of man in deeds of selfishness; the power of purity in profligacy; they have sought the pleasures of life in acts of

death. They have taken noble things, but as the thief takes the diamond and the gambler the gold. They cannot keep them, for they have not earned them.

Our misery is a short cut to happiness. Men seek exhilaration and exuberance of life in alcohol and absinthe, but no exhilaration comes from these. They seek strength through cocaine, but no strength comes from this; they seek rest through the use of a deadly poison—nicotine—but here rest is not to be found. All intemperance is a short cut to happiness; it is an endeavor to enjoy the fruits of a plenteous harvest without cultivating the crop. Lies are short cuts to impress upon others worth which we do not possess.

Nature punishes us for our indolence and sin. But she does more. In ways without number she rewards us for obeying her laws. To him that hath is given. To him that tries not, nothing is given. If we observe her laws of health then health is ours. She rewards every day of labor and

curses every day of indolence. Before me I see two pictures; one of health, purity, power and life; the other of disease, vice, weakness, and death; one of exertion, carefulness, watchfulness, solicitude, and knowledge; the other of indolence, carelessness, negligence, indifference, and ignorance. One is the way of least resistance, the other of greatest exertion. One is the blessing of labor, the other the curse of laziness. This is always true; nature has no favorites. She curses inaction and blesses action. She weakens the weak and strengthens the strong. She gives to him that deserves and takes away from him that deserves not. She is always just.

We owe an honest debt to our fellowmen and it must be paid if we are to call ourselves men. So far as I know there is no way of escaping this debt. Those who endeavor to do so have a deservedly hard time of it. We see about us everywhere those who would escape it. Some are yonder at the barroom, others are lounging on the downy

couches of some "gentlemen's club," others we see at street corners leaning against lamp-posts, others are at the crossroads post-office waiting for mail although they have never yet received any, others we see at the nickelodeons and pool rooms. Those who refuse to pay this debt are not men; they are lower animals, and may be bought in carload lots at any market. We are all slaves until we, by indefatigable labor, make ourselves free men. Others cannot free us, we must free ourselves. From times immemorial the wealthy of every age have tried to free their sons from this debt, but it has been in vain. It is proverbial that the rich man's son has a weedy row of corn to hoe. Those whom the world call their greatest have in the plenitude of their power and resource served their fellowmen. They have not offered as payment of the debt of life gold and silver, fame and glory, or other selfish accomplishments. They have offered that which each and every one can offer—service to man. Slave or free, brute or man,

it is for us to choose. Will we be men, then let us pay our honest debt.

Great service may not be paid for in gold. Goethe was not hired to write "Faust," nor was Verdi to compose "Il Trovatore," nor Socrates to teach the folly of pretension, nor Washington to command our army. Who paid the thousands of heroic souls to suffer the unspeakable agonies of the Inquisition? How can we reward Angelo for his statuary, or Plato for his philosophy? Not by gold. The great of every age have given to man that which man could not pay for in gold.

My text is as true in national life as in individual life. As the seed, so shall be the harvest. Think of northern Europe and the words of Chancellor David Starr Jordan concerning it. "Three millions and seventy thousand of the strongest, best, and most robust of men and boys of Europe fed the cannon of the Napoleonic wars. Most of these were Frenchmen. Many were younger than eighteen, many were older than thirty-five." "Conscription followed

conscription and conscription debased the human species." "The human harvest was bad." But remember it was like the seed. "Let them die with arms in their hands, their death will be glorious, and it will be avenged. You can always fill the places of soldiers." These are the words of Napoleon, but they are not true. You cannot fill the place of a single soldier. Never! A nation suffers in exact proportion as the human harvest is bad. Those who have died in wars have been the strongest and best of the human species. Can France ever replace the five hundred and eighty thousand that perished on the way to and from Moscow? Never! France or any other nation will inevitably decay as her best men are made the food of cannon. History repeats this over and over again and again. Like causes always produce like effects. Permit me to quote from the "Human Harvest."

" 'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more; . . . for the Greek of today, for the most part, never came from

the loins of Leonidas or Miltiades. He is the son of the stable-boys and scullions and slaves of the day of her glory, those of whom imperial Greece could make no use in her conquest of Asia.'' The true Greeks were butchered in war. When they were gone, Greece fell.

''In the fall of Greece as in the fall of Rome, the primal elements we may easily find. The extinction of manly blood, the extinction of freedom of thought and action, increase of wealth gained by plunder, loss of national existence.'' War today and decay tomorrow, this is the science of war.

Rome, like other nations before and since, fell because of the destruction of her strongest men, killed in war. Weaklings were left to beget the future generations of Rome. The life of a nation depends on those that are left, not on those that die heroically in war. Rome took the blossom of her manhood from field and shop and industry of every kind and sickened, starved, butchered, and mangled them in war. Ninety to

ninety-five per cent. of the weaklings of Rome were left to beget the future generations of Rome. Most assuredly Rome fell. It could not have done otherwise.

"Our republic shall endure so long as the human harvest is good, so long as the movements of history and the progress of science and industry leave for the future the best and not the worst of each generation." As the seed so shall be the harvest.

PART II

THE RACE OF LIFE

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THE RACE OF LIFE

The battle cry of life is action

> Labor not as one who is wretched, nor yet as one who would be pitied or admired; but direct thy will to one thing only, to put thyself in motion and to check thyself as the social reason requires.
>
> —*Marcus Aurelius.*

I WISH to make a plea, as strong as I know how to make it, for activity. Life is given us that we may act; that we may move onward and upward. Neither enjoyment nor sorrow is the purpose of this life; neither rejoicing nor grieving is our duty while on earth. To "look up, not down"; to "move forward, not backward"—this is our duty.

"That is righteous which promotes advancement or growth; that is sinful which retards advancement or

engenders degeneration." Spencer says: "Life is a continuous adjustment of internal to external relations." All about us we find proof of this. If I tie up my arm I soon lose the use of it. If I shut myself up in a cell I lose the power of running. If the environment of an animal changes so that it no longer needs a certain organ that organ passes away. And so we have birds, on certain islands, which have no wings; and fishes, in certain dark caves, which have no eyes. If an organ continues to live it must be used. And so it is with the body, which is a collection of organs; if it lives it must be used.

I take it as a self-evident fact that the most successful man is the man who is the most serviceable to mankind. If I wish my arm to become more serviceable I must use it. If I wish my legs to serve me I must use them. I cannot develop the power to run or climb by sitting still, there must be action. If I wish a strong, rich voice I must use it and train it. There must be activity. If I wish my

memory, or my will, or my inventive capacity to become greater and more useful to me I must use them, there must be activity. Thus it is with life, if I wish it to be a success I must use it.

And so it is with my morality; if I wish to be moral I must act, I must overcome evil and do good, I must resist the vicious and encourage the virtuous. I cannot think of a strong man as one who never comes in contact with sin and crime and vice; he must overcome these and do good. The man who does not good deeds is not a good man. A post can be indifferent; the hitching-post does neither good nor bad. To overcome evil and do good is to grow. And growth is righteousness. Life is a mighty battle and the battle-cry is growth through activity.

Growth is natural, everyone knows this. Failure to grow is abnormal, unnatural, and therefore ungodly. God intends that we shall grow. We must grow or die, we must go up or down. We cannot go half way up and

stay there. But look about on the streets, in the church, in the business house, and see how many are violating this law of God. Look yonder in the Alhambra Barroom, how many of those young men are growing, growing in power and the ability to do things? How many of them have purposes and thoughts more elevated than the filthy floor on which they are standing? Are they living a natural life? Are they growing? Or are they dying? Have these young men ever been alive; alive to the mighty possibilities of man?

Elbert Hubbard says: "The fallacy of fixity has been the one fatal error of theology in all the ages of the past. Progress consists in getting away from the idea of the static."

In all nature there is action and reaction, life and death, giving and taking, growth and decay. But some men decay before they have begun to grow. This is sin. And sin brings suffering. We must grow—this is the purpose of life. Hubbard says: "The cure of grief is motion, the recipe for

strength is action." We must reap what we sow. If the seeds are of idleness, then death is our harvest. As a man soweth so shall he also reap. Franklin says, idleness is the Dead Sea that swallows all virtue.

There is in all men a God-given discontent. It is a longing for growth; for a realization of possibilities. It is nature's call to us to do, to be, to move onward and upward; it is a longing for expansion and power which come only by persistent effort.

Growth comes from within, but it will never come from within unless it is assisted from without. Never will a grain of corn grow and multiply if left on a dry shelf, never can it grow if sunlight and moisture are refused. Just so with the babe, it cannot grow into the fullness of power if left on a dry shelf. Its environment, among other things, determines its growth. It will be savage if it grows up with savages, a criminal if it lives with criminals. Its growth is from within but it is shaped from without.

Everyone knows that environment shapes the life of plants and lower animals. The whale was once a land animal, had legs and was covered with fur. Its new environment has taken most of its fur and left only rudiments for legs. And so with the human animal, development is from within but is shaped from without. "We say we educate, that is, we unfold and lead out that which is within. The bud of the rose is unfolded by sunlight, but the color is determined from within." We cannot force the bud to unfold itself nor coax it to grow. Its growth is natural, this is all we know. It is thus with man. His growth is natural or godly. God intends that man should grow and move onward and upward.

Everywhere we are told that in action and only in action can we find success. *Life is a mighty battle and the battle-cry of life is action.* The most successful man, the man who best serves humanity, must be a man of action.

I can give no better words than those of the late William James of Harvard. He says:

"No matter how full a reservoir of *maxims* one may possess, and no matter how good one's sentiments may be, if one has not taken advantage of every concrete opportunity to *act,* one's character may remain entirely unaffected for the better. With mere good intentions, hell is proverbially paved."

"From toil he wins his spirits light,
From busy day the peaceful night;
Rich, from the very want of wealth,
In heaven's best treasures, peace and health."

The man who persistently, conscientiously, and faithfully believes he can and will in the end win the prize and who goes as far as possible with the means he has today, be his means never so little, will some day realize in himself what he has so long hoped for. He will, in himself, find the likeness of the *Great Stone Face.* But he will realize nothing if he has not faith in today. Faith is a mighty force which attracts the prize to him.

Use today every possible means by which to reach the goal. Plan that tomorrow will be better than today; and lo and behold, tomorrow you will find that the ladder by which you climb will be longer and more firmly set. "Whosoever hath, to him shall be given." It makes not one iota of difference how short the ladder may be to begin with, if you use what you are given today to the best of your ability and have faith in tomorrow, more will be given to you. All the world helps the man who helps himself.

And so for my text I have chosen one concerning the race of life. It is not a text from which one can write an entertaining speech, but it is a text on which one can speak seriously.

"Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? So run that you may obtain. And every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things. Now, they do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we are incorruptible. I

therefore so run . . . not uncertainly; so fight I, not as one that beateth the air." (Corinthians 9:24-26.)

Heaven and happiness, peace and contentment, rest and tranquillity,—these are the things all men desire to get; these are the things all men are striving for. These are talked for, prayed for, and worked for in ways innumerable. I know of no other thoughts so common as thoughts concerning happiness. They are talked on in the family circle and in the college halls; preachers preach about them and congregations think about them. Everyone desires heaven and happiness; yet not one in ten thousand succeeds. How many of you who are now before me can say, "My life has been a happy one"? Ask yourself if it has. If it has not, ask why. Why has it been unhappy? Most unhappy mortals can say, "Because of my lazy self."

My good friends, wherein is our conception of happiness? Is it not to be found in the virtuous life which

Jesus taught us to follow? I believe it is.

It is no small wonder that most people do not get happiness. Some go about the race of life just as if they were going out to bask in the sunshine on a spring day. They saunter about as if life lasted forever and there was no end to the time one has here on earth.

Few people seem to know any of the laws of happiness. Paul gives one in our text. He tells us that if we ever get happiness we must run for it. There must be persistent effort and consistent activity. We cannot sit still and wait for it, we must run for it. Growth does not come from sitting. Many would have happiness if the wind would blow it in at their doors. But the wind will never do this, never. Happiness comes from hard and continuous running.

Happiness is a state within and not a condition without. This state within is attained only by persistent effort. Happiness is at hand and is for all. Heaven is within us. Joy,

peace, pleasure, beauty, power,—these are all sure to come if we but act in accord with nature's law. Heaven will then come of itself as God has made it to come.

O Happiness! our being's end and aim!

. . . . . .

Plant of celestial seed! if dropp'd below,
Say in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?

. . . . . .

Where grows?—Where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:
Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,
'Tis nowhere to be found, or everywhere;
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And, fled from monarchs, St. John dwells with thee.

. . . . . .

Take Nature's path, and mad Opinion's leave,
All states can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no extremes they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And, mourn our various portions as we please,
Equal is common sense and common ease.
Remember, Man, "The Universal Cause
Acts not by partial but gen'ral laws";
And makes what Happiness we justly call,
Subsist not in the good of one, but all.

There's not a blessing individuals find,
But someway leans and harkens to the kind.

. . . . . .

Condition, circumstance is not the thing;
Bliss is the same in subject or in king;
In who obtain defence, or who defends;
In him who is or him who finds a friend:
Heaven breathes through every member of the whole
One common blessing as one common Soul.
But Fortune's gifts, if each alike possess'd,
And all were equal must not all contest?
If then to all men happiness was meant,
God in externals could not place content.

—*Pope.*

Let me say a word about those who strive for the mastery in this race of life. First, there are the indifferent. They run because hunger drives them. Some drag along like a colt at the heels of its dam. Some men have no higher purposes in life than to fill their stomachs. Some run only when kicked from behind and dragged from in front. These will never win the prize. The recipe for perpetual misery is to be content with what you have and are. But the recipe for strength is action.

Second, we have those that start off at a mighty pace but can't keep up in this race. They start off with a grand and glorious dash, but they are soon out of wind. They surpass all at first, but it is soon all up with them. They fall by the wayside, and their bones whiten in the sun.

Threefold is the form of SPACE:
Length, with ever restless motion,
Seeks eternity's wide ocean;
Breadth with boundless sway extends;
Depth to unknown realms descends.

All as types to thee are given:
Thou must onward strive for heaven,
Never still or weary be
Wouldst thou perfect glory see;
Far must thy researches go
Wouldst thou learn the world to know;
Thou must tempt the dark abyss
Wouldst thou prove what *Being* is.

Naught but firmness gains the prize,—
Naught but fullness make us wise,—
Buried deep, truth ever lies!

—*Schiller.*

Third, we have the out-of-time runners. They run all the time and steadily too, but they never get anywhere,

they are always out of time. They live in the past and have therefore begun to die. No man can lay claim to life because he did a noble deed yesterday. They live in the future and pave their way with good intentions. Hell is thus paved. We must not only run with all our might this race of life, but we must run at the right time. We must run now or never. Now is the accepted time. "Boast not thyself of tomorrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring." "Every day wasted takes a cubit from your stature."

Elbert Hubbard says: "That is good which serves—man is the important item, this earth is the place and the time now. So all good men and women and all churches are endeavoring to make earth, heaven and all agree that to live now and here is the best one can, is the fittest preparation for a life to come."

Old Sam Jones said, "If we would give more time to the nasty now and less to the sweet bye and bye we would get along better."

The present is all that we have, but how little men realize this. They live as if life lasted forever and there was no end to it. The wise Seneca said: "In the distribution of human life we find that a great deal of it passes away in evil-doing; and a greater part yet in doing just nothing at all." Remember these last words, in doing just nothing at all. If ever we win the prize, heaven and happiness, we shall not spend our time in doing just nothing at all.

And again he says: "What a deal of time is it that we spend in hopes and fears, love and revenge, in balls, threats, making of interests, suing for office . . . and slavish flatteries."

"The shortness of life is the complaint of fools and philosophers. Men ever complain about too few years; forgetting that life has breadth as well as length. Not how many years but how well we do live in those years that are given us." "No man takes care to live well, but long; when yet it is every man's power to do the former and no man's to do the latter."

"There is nothing that we can properly call our own but time, and yet everybody fools us out of it that has a mind to. If a man borrows a sum of money, there must be bonds and securities . . . but he that has my time thinks he owes me nothing for it."

"Tomorrow you'll reform, you always cry;
In what far country does this morrow lie,
That it is so mighty long ere it arrive?
Beyond the Indies does this morrow live?
'Tis so far-fetched this morrow that I fear
'Twill be both very old and very dear.
Tomorrow I'll reform, the fool does say;
Today itself's too late—the wise did yesterday."

"The mill will never grind again with water that is past." All life moves forward, not backward; upward, not downward. The ancestor of the powerful Percheron horse was once a little five-toed, long-eared, unintelligent brute no larger than the shepherd dog that plays about the barnyard. Through untold thousands of years of evolution it has climbed upward until at last we have the mighty beast of burden. The man

who has begun to live in the past has begun to die. He who has "a good future" resting on the past is doomed to extinction. We must live in the present and in the newness of new things. De Soto sought for the fountain of eternal youth in our mighty river, but found it not. The fountain of eternal youth is the fountain of eternal endeavor that bears one onward and upward forever.

"New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward who would keep abreast of Truth."

Fourth. We have the weak who enter this race of life. But the weak cannot win. In all the millions of years that this old world has moved onward and upward the prize has been to the steady and strong. Men glutted with gold and frenzied for cards and drink and women may as well bid the mountains leap into the sea as enter this race of life. The law of this world says the weak shall surely perish. I

know of no more fitting words than those of Hannah More:

Till now, I've slept on life's tumultuous tide,
No principle of action for my guide.
From ignorance my chief misfortunes flow;
I never wished to learn, or cared to know;
With every folly slow-paced time beguiled;
In size a woman, but in soul a child.
In slothful ease my moments crept away,
And busy trifles filled the tedious day;
I lived extempore, as fancy fired,
As chance directed, or caprice inspired.
Too indolent to think, too weak to choose,
Too soft to blame, too gentle to refuse;
My character was stamped from those around;
The figures they, my mind the simple ground.
Fashioned, with monstrous forms, the canvas strained,
Till nothing of my genuine self remained;
My pliant soul from chance received its bent,
And neither good performed, nor evil meant.
From right to wrong, from vice to virtue thrown,
No character possessing of its own.
To shun fatigue I made my only law;
Yet every night my wasted spirits saw.
No plan e'er marked the duties of the day,
Which stole in tasteless apathy away:
No energy informed my languid mind;
No joy the idle e'er must hope to find.
Weak indecision all my actions swayed;
The day was lost before the choice was made.

Though more to folly than to guilt inclined,
A dear vacuity possessed my mind.
Too old with infant sports to be amused,
Unfit for converse, and to books unused,
The wise avoided me; they could not hear
My senseless prattle with a patient ear.
I sought retreat, but found, with strange surprise,
Retreat is pleasant only to the wise;
The crowded world by vacant minds is sought,
Because it saves th' expense and pain of thought.

—*Hannah More* (*1745-1832*).

Fifth. Then we have those who run with all their might but who cannot keep the road. They dash here, yonder, and everywhere. They seem not to fit in. They see only the finished products in life.

Few know of life's beginnings—men behold
The goal achieved;—the warrior, when his sword
Flashes red triumph in the noonday sun;
The poet, when his lyre hangs on the palm;
The statesman, when the crowd proclaim his voice
And mould opinion, on his gifted tongue:
They count not life's first steps, and never think
Upon the many miserable hours

When hope deferred was sickness to the heart.
They reckon not the battle and the march,
The long privations of a wasted youth;
They never see the banner till unfurled.
What are to them the solitary nights
Past pale and anxious by the sickly lamp,
Till the young poet wins the world at last
To listen to the music long his own?
The crowd attend the statesman's fiery mind
That makes their destiny; but they do not trace
Its struggle, or its long expectancy.
Hard are life's early steps; and, but that youth
Is buoyant, confident, and strong in hope,
Men would behold its threshold, and despair.
—*Letitia Elizabeth Landon* (*1802-1838*).

In every city, town, village or hamlet are those who have ruined themselves by doing odd jobs. They have no single, dominant idea. Single-mindedness they know is success, yet they ever turn this way and that and move by fits and jerks. One idea we must run for and die for, if we are to win this race. Edison has but one idea, Socrates had but one purpose; Napoleon fought his battles after one plan. Only when one gets an idea of his own can he truly win the race. This one idea should be in one's mind every

day of his life. Calmly, quietly, persistently hold it there and success is as sure to crown one's efforts as snow is to crown the mountain peak.

Shakespeare said:

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune,
Omitted, all the voyages of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.

Julius Caesar—Act IV—Sc. 1.

OPPORTUNITY

Master of human destinies am I.
Fame, love, and fortune on my footsteps wait,
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and, passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate!
If sleeping, wake—if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore—
I answer not, and I return no more.

—John J. Ingalls.

The late William James said: "Let no youth have an anxiety about the upshot of his education, whatever the

line of it may be. If he keeps faithfully busy each hour of the working day he may safely leave the final result to itself. He can with perfect certainty count on waking up some fine morning, to find himself one of the competent ones of his generation."

"Success in most things depends on knowing how long it takes to succeed." Many a noble youth dashes up one road for a year or two and failing to find a pot of gold dashes up another and then another, and so on all through life. It would be just as wise to plant cotton and because it is of slow growth hoe it up and plant corn, and because corn is too slow ripening hoe it up and plant alfalfa. This is exactly what some men do in this race of life. My good friends, it takes years for heaven and happiness to mature.

"The law of the Soul is eternal endeavor,
That bears the man upward and onward forever."

Sixth, and most important, we have the successful runners. They

run that they may obtain the prize which is heaven and happiness. They run each day to the limit of their capability to run. They run steadily, evenly, smoothly, and certainly. To run each day to the limit of your capacity to run, and run on the right road, surely will win the prize. The successful runner runs neither to one side nor the other. On and on he must go, clear-eyed, strong-souled and steady-nerved.

The successful runner does more than run steadily and determinedly. He does more than run through sickness and reverses and troubles of every kind, he does more than this. There are thousands of men who do all this and still never win the prize. There are thousands who work year after year but know nothing of happiness. *The runner must get on the right road, run on it, and stay on it.* Indeed it is no easy thing to do this, but it must be so. "Straight is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth into life; and few there are that find it. Wide is the way and

broad is the gate that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat."

As we set out on this journey we must not take the average man for our guide. The successful runner has a different guide. For most men have not found the right road, they know not the road which leads to life. The well-traveled and well-beaten road is not the road which leads to life. Oh, no, it will not take you where you wish to go. The road which leads to life is too narrow for the masses to see. Narrow is the way and straight the gate which leads to heaven and happiness; and few there are that have found it. But we are told about this way and we can find it if we wish. Jesus told us about this way when he said: "I am the way, the truth, the life." If this be true then the road to happiness is the road of service, and brotherly love. Let me first say a few words about the road of service.

I wish to impress on your minds the idea of *running*. We must run. Those who run in a foot race run with

all their might and strength. So let me impress upon your minds that the successful man must *run* with all his might and strength, and he must run all the way, and he must run on the right road; but above all *he must run;* and he must have strength that he may run. Is it any wonder that Paul tells us to run for the prize? Do the good things of this world come to us by sitting down and waiting for them? Never. There is but one thing that comes that way. This is degeneration, weakness, decay and death. All the good things in this world come from labor. The ancient Greeks said, "The gods of labor give us all good things." And the Romans said, "Labor conquers all things." And Jesus said, "Go work today, my son, in my vineyard." From work comes strength; from idleness comes weakness; from work comes power; from idleness comes decay. Work is virtuous, idleness is vicious. Work keeps one looking upward and onward forever, while idleness turns one downward and backward eternally. Never

will we get happiness save through work.

"Look up, not down!" Do you see how the tree-top
Rejoices in sunshine denied to its root;
And hear how the lark, gazing skyward, is flooding
The world with his song, while the ground bird is mute?

"Look forward, not back!" 'Tis the chant of creation,
The chime of the seasons as outward they roll,
'Tis the pulse of the world, 'tis the hope of the ages,
'Tis the voice of our God in the depth of the soul.

"Lend a hand!" like the sun that turns night into morning;
The light that guides storm-driven sailors to land.
Ah, life were worth living, with this for the watchword:
"Look up, out, and forward, and each lend a hand!"

—*Alice Freeman Palmer.*[1]

The lives of great men overflow with stories of joyous labor, "I wish

[1] (By courtesy of Penn Publishing Co.)

to be a good son, a good citizen, and the first naturalist of my time. I feel within me the strength of a whole generation to work toward this end, and I shall reach it, if the means be not wanting." These are the words of young Louis Agassiz. He wrote them to his father on the threshold of his career. In the eyes of many he was the most learned naturalist in Europe. This honor came before he was twenty-five years of age. Did this honor come by sitting and waiting? Oh! no. At times he worked fourteen hours a day. He had little money and could not well afford to buy books; but he could borrow them and commit them to memory; or copy them with his own hand.

The world turned aside for this man, as it will do for every man who knows where he is going.

Jesus said: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength." God is

absolute perfection. To live a godly life is to live a natural life. When we love with all our soul and all our mind and all our strength it is certain that we shall become like that which we love. God is love. Then let us love, for love is perfection. Then if we become like that which we love we shall become like perfection. If our minds are filled with divine love no vice can enter; no enmity, no hatred, no fear, no worry. If we work in love the divine laws of nature all work with us. We can in this way become perfect even as our Father in Heaven is perfect.

"Who seeks for Heaven alone to save his soul
May keep the path, but will not reach the goal;
While he who walks in love may wander far
Yet God will bring him where the blessed are."
—*Van Dyke.*

Love is a power greater and more potent than life itself. At birth we know it not, but soon it comes as God has made it to come. It comes as a light to our pathway and a star to our souls, to dower us on earth and then

take its flight back to the God who sent it. It is a spirit which creates us anew. It radiates in our souls and will never be buried in our clay. Love is eternal as God is eternal. My good friends, did you ever stop to think what would be left when the fleeting hands of time have taken this poor body away? Will this be the end? Is there an end to God—to Love? I think this cannot be. I know we cannot hold today, it must pass away; we wither like the grass that grows by the roadside. But in our death, Death shall die. The end of this life will be the future's birth.

They sin who tell us love can die;
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.
In Heaven Ambition cannot dwell
Nor Avarice in the vaults of Hell;
Earthly these passions of the Earth;
They perish where they have their birth,
But Love is indestructible;
It's holy flame forever burneth,
From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth.
Too oft on Earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times opprest,
It here is tried and purified,

Then hath in Heaven its perfect rest.
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of love is there.
The Curse of Kehama—Southey.

The grandest things in this old world are life and love. To live we must love and to love we must live. To find life and love in abundance we must lose life and love— lose them for self and find them for others. Goethe said:

"Till this truth thou knowest,
'Die to live again,'
Stranger-like thou goest
Through a world of pain."

Whoever listens to the voice of love listens to the voice of God, and his obedience to this voice makes of him a unit of the everlasting and universal powers in which is all the real goodness of this world. To do the will of God is the end of all religion and the condition of all blessedness, all joy, all happiness and life without end.

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